

Treasures of Pioneer History

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Pioneer Dentists and Druggists

"For as the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also." James 2, 3—Verse 26.



MORE THAN A century has passed since those first pioneers entered the valleys of the Great Salt Lake and the older generation say, "Times have changed." This is true in every respect, but the inhabitants of the world have been more blessed through the advancement of medicine than in any other field. Men and women, as well as children, who lived in those early days had to depend upon the simplest remedies for the alleviation of pain.

Toothache has always been a universal disturbance. To relieve the pain simple remedies such as laudanum, oil of peppermint, etc. rubbed on the gums or put on cotton and inserted in cavities, or application of heat were the only means of obtaining relief other than pulling the decaying member. Extractions were usually performed by the town blacksmith or tinsmith with crude homemade tools which his ingenuity led him to invent and construct. The operation as a rule took place either in his shop or on the premises of the patient who was seated on an ordinary kitchen chair. Although there were several trained dentists who came with the first companies there were few settlements so blessed. Later traveling dentists came periodically to the small communities.

Each pioneer home had its medicine shelf which contained a few simple remedies; for in their back yards, along ditch banks, in the canyons and on the mountains grew the herbs which they gathered,

dried and stored for future use. The Indian, sometimes the trapper, and more often a new neighbor taught them the value of these herbs as well as the preparation and method of administering them. But it was not long before small drugstores were established in the settlements and although they did not have the wonder drugs that we know so well today, the druggist was well supplied with a variety of ingredients from which he compounded the needed prescriptions.

As time went by and the population increased diseases became more prevalent. Children, as well as adults, contracted diseases for which there was then no known cure. Ofttimes the people wished that science would reveal new medicines which would save their loved ones.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF LAFAYETTE GUYMON

Mancos, Colorado, Sept. 30, 1884.

"I believe I'll try and keep a journal. Wish I had kept one for many years past but now I'll try and record things as they happen to us. My little boy, Heber, who is eleven years old does not act right. Phebe noticed it first. He eats well but acts so tired and after I noticed—he is pale. I set him to gathering a few rows of beans this morning. In about an hour I found him asleep in one of the rows. I said, 'Well, Heber, are you going to get lazy and leave everything for Pa to do?' I was sorry as soon as I had said it and asked him to forgive me and told him to go on in the house and lay down on the bed. He just looked sad and said, 'It's all right, Pa. I guess I am lazy—only I feel so tired all the time.' He didn't get up any more that day.

October 5th—"I just can't seem to find time to write in my journal every day so will just write whenever I can. Lots of work to do in a new place with a big family to keep going. Yesterday I took all the family to town to do some buying of things we needed. . . . Heber seemed a little better but maybe it was just the excitement. He moaned in his sleep nearly all night. Guess he got too tired. Phebe and I have decided to take him to Durango to see Dr. Winters. I met him once and he seemed to be a good doctor. Everybody says he is the best doctor in this part of the country. George Bauer, the banker and storekeeper in Mancos town, offered to loan me his buggy to take Heber in, but I hate to take favors and be beholden to folks. Phebe has fixed her feather bed in the wagon so that Heber can lay down most of the time. There just couldn't be any better stepmother than Phebe is to my children. We have to take the baby Lucy because she is nursing. Heber loves her as much as if she were his own sister.

8th—"What Dr. Winters told us is worse than we feared. He said, 'Mr. Guymon, I could lie to you and go on doctoring your little boy and run up a big doctor bill, but I just won't doctor that way. I've got to tell you the truth. Your little boy has diabetes and there is

no cure for it.' I told Phebe we must not let Heber know, but I am afraid he guesses. It is pretty bad because Phebe could not keep from crying to herself on the way home. She tried not to let Heber see any tears but he is a smart little man and knows something is pretty wrong. I had to go behind the wagon and get a grip on myself or I would have cried, too. Oh, this is a bitter pill. The only comfort that I can find is that his mother and little Mary will be over there to welcome him.

"Heber was so tired after his trip that he slept most all day. I called Jimmie, Annie and Enoch out in the shed and told them. They all cried awful hard, even Jimmie who is deaf. He had to be told in the sign language that he and Phebe talk. I told them to cry it out so they would not have to cry before Heber. Poor children they hate to part with their little brother. I am afraid Heber knows because I caught him holding his hand up to a sunbeam that was coming through a crack in the wall and he said, 'Pa, it looks pretty pale don't it?', but he sure is a brave little fellow.

November 30th—"I have been so busy hauling my wheat to Durango and getting our winter's flour and digging the potatoes that I have not found the time to write. I don't like the way things are going with Heber. He just gets worse all the time. He lies on the bed most of the day. We try to get him everything he wants. He eats pretty good but everything turns to sugar. We borrowed a doctor book from Aunt Hannah Perkins and it says not to give them anything sweet but it is pretty hard when he begs for a stick of peppermint candy.

December 10th—"The boys went hunting today and killed a little deer so Heber could have venison soup. He is mighty good and never complains but gets pretty hungry for something sweet. Oh, dear God, I wish the doctors were smarter and could discover something to cure this awful disease. They will some day, but it will be too late to save my little boy.

15th—"Today was mighty hard to bear. Heber begged us to move little Lucy's jumper in to his room from the kitchen. I made her a jumper with a long spring pole fastened to the ceiling logs. Phebe made a little harness out of my old overalls. Heber whistles for her and then sings:

Have you seen my, have you seen my
Have you seen my new shoes?
With the tips on, with the tips on
With the tips on the toes;
And the buckles and bows,
And the tips on the toes.

"Lucy just flies in her jumper when he claps his hands and sings. Then he falls back on the bed so exhausted he looks like he was dead. I couldn't stand it any longer so I went to town. Got to talking with my friend, George Bauer, and he asked about Heber. I told him he sang that song for the baby. I saw a tear or two run down his cheek and he got up and went in his store and got a little pair of boots with copper toes and asked me to take them back to Heber. He also sent him a new shiny silver dollar. He said, 'Mr. Guymon, we all feel mighty sorry for you folks. If we can help in any way please call on us.' Heber said to me when I told him goodnight, 'Pa, I think I must be going to die—everybody is so good to me.'

25th—"Well, today was Christmas. We all tried to be as happy as possible even with this black cloud hanging over us. We had a lovely snowstorm and the world looks so pretty. The pinion trees are all loaded down and look like Christmas trees. On account of the crops being good this year we were able to get the children some presents. Phebe made Heber a little new shirt all by hand out of some bleached muslin. We got a pocket knife for Enoch and Jimmie and a new calico dress for Annie. Lucy was sure happy with her new china doll. We decided not to have any candy on account of Heber, so we had popcorn. This Christmas was sure better than the ones before as far as presents went. The boys went up on the mountain a week before and shot a wild turkey and Phebe sure does know how to cook good. I helped Heber walk in the kitchen to set at the Christmas dinner with us. He eats by himself beside his bed most of the time because we give him the best of everything and it might make him feel bad if he saw that we did not have it, too. Phebe read the Christmas story of Christ's birth to us all this evening. We borrowed the book from Aunt Hannah.

31st—"Well, tomorrow starts a New Year. All I can write everyday is that Heber just grows a little worse. It is hard to bear. He tells us all not to worry he is not afraid to die. Just think of a little boy eleven years old saying a thing like that with his life just before him. Today he said, 'Pa, I did want to grow up to be a man so I could help you when you get old but I guess Enoch will have to be your right hand man now that Jimmie has to go away to the school for the deaf,' and after a long pause, 'I sure did want to see Lucy grow up, too, but I guess God wants me.'

January 15th—"Today after all the rest had gone to bed, I was sitting with Heber all quiet and each thinking his own thoughts when suddenly he asked me, 'Pa, are you sure Ma will be there to meet me when I go?' With me feeling so blue and sad and wondering if God has anything to do with a little boy's suffering like this, it was hard for me to tell him I was sure his mother would meet him, but after I sat and thought a minute, I know she will. It's just got to be that way. Then I told him the story my mother told me long ago about

how Jesus said he was going to prepare a home for us over there and I just know he would have a nice place for a good little boy.

20th—"Today it looks like maybe the end of his suffering was near. He was in sort of a stupor most of the time. I just had to get some work done outside. We had to get up a shed to protect the cow and horses from the cold north wind. Phebe sent Annie running for me but by the time I got there he had revived, but he begged me not to leave him any more, so I sent the boys back alone to finish the shed. There have only been two other days in my life as hard as this one. That was when his mother died and my little Mary girl went with heart disease. Oh, please God, take him and end this awful suffering! I can't go through another time like this evening. He told us all goodbye and went clean off but rallied again and looked up at me and said, 'Well, Pa, I didn't make it did I?' He then kissed baby Lucy goodbye three times and went to sleep.

21st—"Heber died today at 12:30. It is over, thank God.

22nd—"We sure have a lot of friends. A bunch of womenfolk came and made a nice suit out of some black cloth that George Bauer sent. His little white shirt that Phebe made for Christmas looks nice with his black suit. John White made a coffin—planed it all nice and smooth and his wife covered it with black calico and lined it with muslin. He looks nice in his coffin and I can honestly say I am thankful to see him at rest. Jimmie and Enoch and the Wilden boys have dug a grave up on the hill at the top of the farm beside baby Francis. It took them all day because the ground is frozen so hard.

23rd—"We held a simple service here at the house. So many friends came. Some folks I never even met before. Brother Halls said some very comforting words and the women folks tried to sing but most of them broke down and left it for Aunt Hannah to go it alone. Then we took the coffin in the wagon and laid my boy to rest. I have two boys up there on the hill now. It seems I am the one to make the Mormon graveyard here at Mancos. Oh, Margaret, I sent our little Mary girl on to you and now our boy and I do know that you will be there to welcome him. I can say tonight—"God's will be done." It about killed Phebe putting Heber by our little baby Francis. It was the first time she had been there since the baby died with whooping cough. I must round up my shoulders and get to work because there is a living to make for the ones left here.

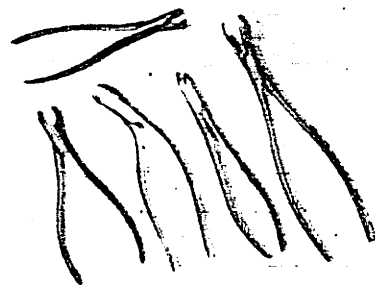
"I guess I'll stop trying to write a journal. In reading over what I have written, it sounds too sad. I'll let God keep the records."

—Lucy G. Bloomfield

JOHN A. SUTTON—BLACKSMITH

Nearly a hundred years ago John A. Sutton, Sr. was a country doctor of his own making. He also set fractured limbs and pulled teeth. According to Dr. O. H. Budge, of Logan, Utah John A. Sutton, being a blacksmith by trade, had the patients sit on that "good soft anvil" on which he pounded out horse and ox shoes.

This country doctor was a great reader, so naturally he learned something about sterilization, and especially sterilization by heat. He kept his forceps behind the bellows. When someone put in an appearance for an extraction, he located the offending member, selected a forceps, pumped up the bellows and when the flame of the forge



Forceps Used by Brigham Young

reached a blue stage, placed the instrument into it and then counteracted what he had done by wiping the forceps on his old leather apron before placing it in the mouth. If the tooth came out in one piece that was fine, but, if it broke off, that was too bad.

One very amusing incident occurred when an old Indian came in for a pulling and, like all other patients, sat on the anvil. When all was ready for the operation two or three squaws and a couple of half grown papooses formed a circle around the seated buck, dancing and howling at the top of their voices and continued doing so until the operation was pronounced done.

Following Dr. Sutton's lead, two sons, a grandson, and a son-in-law entered the dental profession. One day, Mr. Sutton asked his son and son-in-law what they charged for pulling a tooth. He was informed that the charge was fifty cents, whereupon he said, "You'll go to h—— both of you. I never did make a charge."

In the early days in this section of the country the so-called self-made dentists spent considerable time traveling from settlement to settlement pulling teeth. One day one of these ambitious seekers of profit rubbed his hands together and said to my father: "I've had a good day today. I've pulled a considerable number of teeth." "Well," said my father, "how many did you pull that should have been left in?"

On another occasion a traveling dentist examined my mother's teeth and the only fault he could find was that they were all too close together; so, he took a ribbon saw and soon remedied the defect—for a price. The result of the operation was that not long afterwards

that much needed attention made it necessary to extract a good and beautiful set of teeth.

THE BULLET MOLD

In 1862 the Hooper-Knowlton stock ranch was taken up under squatters' rights in Skull Valley, Tooele County. It was the largest ranch in Utah, usually employing thirty men at a time. Later the sole owner was J. Q. Knowlton. The Indians were very unfriendly and the first ranch house and sheds were destroyed by fire and stock driven away. The land was so deeply burned that the grass never grew there again and it was afterwards called Burnt Springs. The ranch proper was then established near deep springs and fine pasture lands to the south, and the Indian Reservation was situated some miles further south. The Indians under old Chief Tabby became very friendly.

Willard Richards (Dick) and James (Jimmie) Larkin did all the rough riding and broke the wild horses. One day in the early fall all the men had gone out to Cedar on a roundup leaving young Richards at the ranch alone, save for the Knowlton family. Willard was sitting on the bunkhouse steps repairing a lariat. He looked up and saw an Indian riding through the big gates on a sweating pony. The Indians ran towards the bunkhouse, and as he passed the woodpile he picked up the ax and brought it to Willard motioning for him to cut off his head. His face was swollen and he was in great agony from an ulcerated tooth.

Dick knew that the tooth must be pulled but there was nothing to do the job with. Suddenly he thought of the bullet molds that the boys had used the night before to make bullets. He could at least try. Taking the suffering Indian by the hand he led him along the row of buildings to the blacksmith shop where he found the bullet molds on the bench by the bellows. Picking them up, he gently pulled the Indian by the hand out into the bright sunshine where he seated him on a stool by the wall. With this crude instrument William managed to extract the offending molar.

That was Dick's first experience at dentistry, but some years later and after his marriage, he became a dentist and practiced his profession in Cache County for a number of years. He died in Salt Lake City at the age of ninety years, loved and respected by everyone with whom he came in contact.—*Beatrice Knowlton Ekman*

CATHARINE'S STORY

Catharine Erickson will be ninety-two years of age on December 29, 1955. She is an active, lovely lady. Mrs. Erickson is a member of a lady's trio who sing at various entertainments usually gowned in beautiful pioneer costumes of their own making. She related the following story to her daughter Melba.

When I was just a young girl of about sixteen and living in Monroe around the year 1879, I decided to have all my upper teeth extracted. I had suffered from toothache until I was at the point of distraction. Now, of course, there were no dentists anywhere close around, so when a Mr. Joseph Sinkler Giles came over to Monroe from Fillmore, I knew he had had some experience extracting teeth and decided to talk to him. He had not only had experience in dental extractions, but in all phases of general medicine as well. After talking to me, he consented to pull my teeth. He came down to my home early the following morning ready for the job. His equipment consisted solely of a pair of forceps. He had me sit in an ordinary chair and I gripped the seat of the chair to brace myself.

He started with the double tooth farthest back on one side of my mouth and worked toward the front. He gave me nothing to deaden the pain, but I was so determined to have them out that I never complained and suffered in silence. However, when Mr. Giles got to the center of my front teeth, he weakened and told me that I simply couldn't stand to have any more out that day. He promised to come back the following morning and give me a little chloroform and finish the job. When he stopped pulling, of course, I wilted and felt not only completely exhausted, but as if I couldn't have stood another second of that torture.

The following morning my determination to finish the ordeal was as strong as it had been the preceding day. When Mr. Giles arrived, he administered enough chloroform to put me out completely and then proceeded to finish pulling my teeth.

In those days one went without the artificial teeth until the gums were completely healed and until a dentist could be located or contacted who would make the plate. It just happened that several weeks after my teeth had been pulled, two dentists, Doctors Christy and Smith, came to Monroe to practice for a while. They took the impression and made my teeth for me. The plate fit perfectly and gave me very little trouble, but in spite of this good luck dentures were so uncommon at that time that for anyone to even mention teeth would make me so self-conscious and embarrassed about mine that I hardly dared to speak or smile for fear of exposing them.

ALEXANDER NEIBAUR

Alexander Neibaur, the first dentist in Utah, was born January 8, 1808, in Germany, the son of a Hebrew physician and surgeon. Alexander was to have entered the Jewish ministry, but instead studied dentistry in the University of Berlin, beginning practice in Preston, England. While there he married Ellen Breakel. He was the first Jew to be converted to the Mormon faith and was baptized April 9, 1838.

Young Dr. Neibaur emigrated to Nauvoo, Illinois in 1841 where he became an active member of the Church, and prominent in Freemasonry, while setting himself up in the practice of dentistry. He advertised as follows in the (Mormon) *Times and Seasons*.

"Nauvoo, August 2, 1841: ALEXANDER NEIBAUR—SURGEON DENTIST, from Berlin, in Prussia, late of Liverpool and Preston, England. Most respectfully announces to the ladies and gentlemen and the citizens of Nauvoo, as also of Hancock county, in general, that he has permanently established himself in the city of Nauvoo, as a dentist, where he may be consulted daily, in all branches connected with his profession. Teeth cleaned, plugged, filled and scurva effectually cured, children's teeth regulated, natural or artificial teeth from a single tooth to a whole set inserted on the most approved principles. Mr. Neibaur having an extensive practice both on the continent of Europe, as also in England, for the last 15 years, he hopes to give general satisfaction to all those who honor him with their patronage.

"Mr. B. Young having known Mr. N. (in England) has kindly consented to offer me his house to meet those ladies and gentlemen who wish to consult me. Hours of attendance from 10 o'clock in the morning to 6 at evening.

"My residence is opposite Mr. Tidwell, the cooper, near the water. Ladies and gentlemen attended at their own residence if requested. Charges strictly moderate."

Alexander Neibaur spoke and wrote fluently in Hebrew, French, and German languages, read Latin and Greek, and spoke some Spanish. He came to Utah September 20, 1848 and erected his own house on which he hung his professional shingle as Utah's First Dentist.

The first number of the *Deseret News*, published in Salt Lake City, June 16, 1850 carried the following: "A. Neibaur, Surgeon Dentist, 3rd street east, 2nd south of the Council House, will attend to all branches of his profession. The scurvy effectually cured."

Alexander Neibaur's daughter, Mrs. Sarah Ellen Neibaur O'Driscoll, 93, Kamas, Utah, recently said: "In addition to countless extractions my father had about one hundred and fifty patients in Utah, including Brigham Young and family and the families of other Church leaders; he also filled the teeth of Elisa, daughter of Bishop Hunter, and those of the daughter of Governor Frank Fuller.

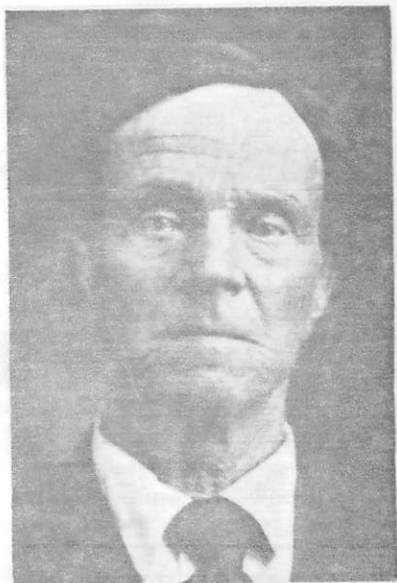
"He usually used a dental turnkey, an implement with a hinged claw on a gimlet-shaped handle, for extracting teeth by twisting; but he later obtained forceps. These instruments were subsequently turned over to Dr. Washington F. Anderson. Cavities in decaying teeth were cleaned with a suitable pick and filled with alum and

borax and then sealed with beeswax; the only anesthetic was laudanum. He was seldom paid in money; but accepted beet molasses, corn meal and pigweed greens. Much of his work was donated to widows and to others who could not pay."

Dr. Alexander Neibaur passed away December 15, 1883 after a long and distinguished career.—*Mrs. Mazie Bohi*

DR. JAMES HANCEY

The practice of Dr. Hancey was born with the early colonizing of Cache Valley. He was with the second company to settle in Hyde Park, a small community five miles south of Logan, Utah. From Chedeston, Suffolk County, England where he was born September 1, 1835 and where he embraced the Latter-day Saint gospel, came James Hancey with his first wife, Rachel Seamons Hancey, on the good ship *Caravan*. While on the ocean a son was born to them whom they named James Sands after the captain of the ship. They landed in New York in 1856. Traveling by ox team from Omaha, Nebraska they arrived in Hyde Park in the year 1860. Here his natural genius as a doctor, dentist, mechanic and carpenter was recognized.



Dr. James Hancey

In the early sixties Dr. Hancey was assistant surgeon to Dr. O. C. Ormsby of the Cache County Militia and was registration health officer for a number of years. In this capacity he was always on the alert against contagious diseases. Many times he set broken arms and legs. After his day's work was done he often studied far into the night to gain more medical knowledge.

The precious dental instruments now resting in the Pioneer Memorial Building in Salt Lake City tells a story of early dental practice.

One of the first dental instruments Dr. Hancey used in pulling teeth was a Turn Key—a swivel claw that fitted down under the side of the tooth, was attached to a metal handle with a cross section at the end for a firm grasp. Three different sized claws made it

possible to extract adult and children's teeth. This instrument was the first used for tooth extraction. Later different sized forceps replaced this simple but effective device. Small lances, files and elevators completed the set. Alcohol, cotton and needles were kept in a round tin can, a relic from England, but a lovely mahogany hardwood box, lined with green velvet and containing a green grooved tray, held his precious instruments.

Anesthetics were unknown, but the Lord blessed him with the gift of removing teeth with very little trouble. A firm believer of cleansing with soap and water followed with steam or boiling, he had very little infection to combat.

The gums were carefully cut away from the teeth before extraction took place. The patient's hands firmly grasped the seat of the ordinary pioneer kitchen chair, one of Dr. Hancey's making, where he was seated for the ordeal. In hot weather a porch was selected for this but in winter time the family was ushered out of the living room for the occasion. In case of faintness brandy in hot water was administered to the patient. The third wife of Dr. Hancey, Annie Marie Christopher-Hancey, being a nurse, was usually at his side to watch the patient and buoy him up with cheerful words.



Dental Tools of Dr. James Hancey

The filling of teeth in early days was not as popular as extractions. The people, generally speaking, were very poor and the price being just twenty-five cents for pulling the tooth, and usually the tooth had gone to the aching point and decayed too badly for filling, more extractions took place. The teeth that Dr. Hancey did fill were ground out with hand instruments, sterilized with alcohol and filled with silver foil. This was bought in thin sheets put together in book form with tissue separating each sheet. Precious beyond all things—even a look at this silver was a treat for us children. Just to watch him clean and gently lay each piece in its green velvet bed gave us a feeling of owning something out of this world. Billy Wilkinson, who died at the age of seventy-five, still had fillings in his teeth placed there by Dr. Hancey.

When a patient became frightened, the popular words of this pioneer doctor were "Darn it all, wait 'till yer hurt before you start hollering."

The following tribute taken from the *Herald Journal*, April 11, 1913, was paid him at the time of his death.

"Seldom has a community paid a finer tribute to a man than the people of Hyde Park paid to the memory of Dr. James Hancey, when practically the whole community was in attendance at his funeral services.

"There was sincere grief in every heart, for there were not many in this peaceful little village who were not indebted to the deceased empire builder, for some kindness or consideration that came to them in their hour of need, and more than likely without asking and without price.

"It is such men as he that makes the building of substantial communities in the desert possible. He was a real pioneer, and a Christian of the highest type. One will seldom find a worthier citizen, or a more splendid type of man. Always optimistic, always encouraging some crest-fallen soul who found it hard to stand up under the rebuffs of an unkind fate, he was a priceless treasure to any community. He was her best citizen." —*Lillian Hancey Daines*

DR. W. H. GROVES

SURGEON AND MECHANICAL DENTIST

Teeth inserted on a Vulcanite Gum Base,
also on gold from a single tooth to a
full set. *Deseret News*, Oct. 22, 1862.

DENTISTRY

Dr. W. H. Groves, Surgeon and Mechanical Dentist
is prepared to perform all operations in his line of
business.

Teeth Extracted in the most scientific manner.

Teeth filled with gold, and warranted for 5 years.

Teeth inserted on vulcanite base, from a single tooth to a full set and perfect satisfaction warranted. All diseases of mouth, particularly in children, treated in the most scientific manner.

Office opposite the residence of Capt. Hooper,
three doors east from Main Street, south side.

Deseret News, July 1, 1863.

Very little is known of the early life of Dr. William H. Groves but advertisements appearing in the *Deseret News* place him as a pioneer of Utah in the early '60's.

The following obituary appeared in the *Deseret News* following his death in 1895.

Well Known Dentist Called to Spirit World

There are many people throughout Utah who will regret to learn of the death of Dr. William H. Groves, which event occurred at 7 o'clock last evening at the St. Mark's hospital. Dr. Groves was 61 years of age and for more than half that time had been a resident of Salt Lake City. For many years he was recognized as being the head of his profession—that of dentist—here. Some years ago he retired from business, and since then he has devoted much of his time to books. He was a man of excellent attainments, and possessed many warm friendships. An ardent worker in any cause which he espoused, he was regarded by many as somewhat eccentric in many ways, but withal was honest, sincere and generous. He had the courage to stand up for what he believed was right, though he might thereby give offense to friends whose views differed from his. The practice of his profession brought him considerable means, in the handling of which he sought to be careful and judicious. In this matter he was known for many acts of charity and generosity, in helping those whom he found in need and in devoting his money to a good purpose. These noble traits of his character endeared him to a large number of acquaintances.

For several months the deceased had been in failing health, but his spirit struggled against the body's frailties and upon every occasion when he could leave the sick room and be out among friends he would do so. His last appearance on the street was two weeks ago today, though for a week previous he had been receiving attention at the hospital. On the occasion named he came downtown and transacted some business, then returned to the hospital. He leaves an estate of

considerable value. He has no immediate relatives in Utah, but has a sister in Illinois and a brother and sister in New York.

The funeral services will be held Sunday morning, commencing at 11 o'clock, in the Fourteenth Ward assembly rooms. An invitation is extended to friends to be present.—*Deseret News*, April 27, 1895

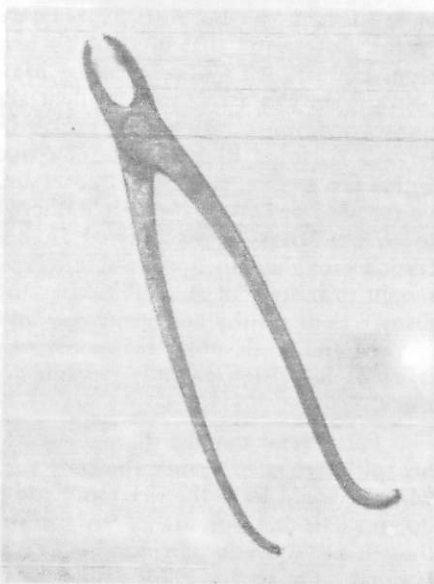
Dr. Grove's Funeral—The funeral services over the remains of the late Dr. Wm. H. Groves was held in the Fourteenth Ward assembly rooms on Sunday at 11 a. m. The speakers were Elders Franklin D. Richards, Moses Thatcher, John Henry Smith, Angus M. Cannon and George H. Taylor. They referred to Brother Grove's industry, thrift and moral uprightness, of his professional attainments, and of his studious character. References were briefly made to the provisions in his will by which a bequeath was made to St. Mark's hospital and also for the founding of a hospital for the benefit of the Latter-day Saints. His remains were placed in the burial ground of Elder F. D. Richards, in the City Cemetery.

The bequests spoken of were \$500 to the St. Mark's hospital where he died, all his real estate—valued at \$75,000 or more—for the founding of the Dr. W. H. Groves Latter-day Saints hospital, and his personal property to his brother and two sisters.

Deseret News, April 29, 1895

ISAAC MORTON BEHUNIN

Isaac Morton Behunin was born in Richland, Oswego County, New York, September 8, 1831. He was the son of Isaac and Meribah Morton Behunin. The family moved to Kirtland, Ohio in 1834; thence to Nauvoo, Illinois where Isaac Morton was baptized September 12, 1839 and confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. They left Nauvoo at the time of the exodus in 1847 and arrived in Salt Lake City September 9, 1849 from Council Bluffs. He lived at various times in Ephraim, Sanpete County; Circleville, Piute County and Spring City, where he became a farmer



Forceps Made by Isaac Morton Behunin

and a blacksmith. He also served as the pioneer dentist of that community. Isaac Morton passed away January 15, 1910 at Spring City, Utah.

A pair of forceps made by him was given to my father, Isaac William Behunin, who pulled many teeth for his children and the neighbors' children. When I was a little girl living in Ferron, Utah father took me to John L. Allred's home to have a tooth extracted. I was reluctant to have the tooth pulled unless he would put something on it to deaden the pain. "Sure I will," said Mr. Allred. I can imagine he gave father a wink. He went to the kitchen and returned with a bottle and rubbed some of its contents on my gums. I remember telling father very disgustingly on the way home that he couldn't pull any more of my teeth because all he put on it was lemon extract.—*Crystal B. Guymon*

FROM FATHER TO SON

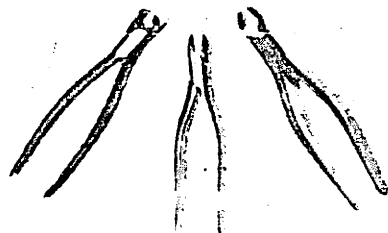
In the alphabetized list of personal entries of the Salt Lake City 1869 Directory is the following: "W. F. Anderson, M.D. Physician and Surgeon—13th Wd, 2 East, bet. 2 and 3 S." Dr. Anderson was a courtly gentleman from Virginia and also a Utah Pioneer of 1857. He continued to live at the above address through many years of service to the people of Utah and the West in civic as well as professional fields, and was greatly respected and loved.

It was from this physician that Lorenzo S. Clark, Utah pioneer of 1853, purchased a set of three pairs of forceps and learned to use them correctly. He resided in the Sugar House district where he began and carried on a practice of extracting troublesome teeth; thus relieving suffering fellow pioneers in an age when the objective was not to save the offending member, but rather to get rid of it if the extraction pain was considered less than that of the continuous aching agony.

The setting of action and equipment were essentially primitive. A sturdy kitchen chair in which the patient might sit and hold on if necessary, a near-by cup of water, with a strong helper to hold the patient's head firmly, constituted the equipment of the great out-door dental chamber.

The Clark children were intensely interested in the fascinating operation that so quickly turned a distressed, suffering visitor into a smiling grateful friend. Every window in their cottage home provided a grandstand position for scenic observations. One of these experi-

ences became an outstanding and lasting memory. We all knew our venerable neighbor, Samuel Garn. He had seen many younger days and, now with the infirmities of age, he was still respected and his conspicuous snowy white beard was a mark of distinction. Evidently his tooth was unusually difficult to remove. Father had to shake and pull hard while Big Brother exerted all his strength in the head-holding position. Through tense seconds we held our breath, and then—horrors! Oh!—The snowy white beard!



Forceps Used by Lorenzo S. Clark

From head-holding, Brother dashed quickly to the old windlass well, lowered the bucket and drew it hastily to the top; a cup passed through the kitchen door as if by magic. No one spoke, but all intently looked away for a few minutes; then friendly, pleasant "good byes" were spoken and neighbor Garn went on his happy way, his distinguished beard as handsome and white as ever.

Years traveled by and the children were grown. Indian Reservation lands were being bestowed upon white applicants in the Duchesne and Uintah wilds. Two of the Clark sons moved their families to the new romantic fields, led by their "dyed-in-the-wool" pioneer father, Lorenzo S. Clark. With him went the good old tried and true pairs of forceps which lost no time in going to work in the new pioneering field. Roads were rough and crude with frequent difficult washes to cross and distances were forbiddingly far when measured by time. From Roosevelt town to Tabiona settlement, though they were only 20 to 30 miles apart, it required at least a whole day's travel by white top to cover the distance. Tabiona is located on the Duchesne River at the foot of Tabby mountain and the settlers' cottages and huts followed the line of the river. Both white people and Indians traveled the winding course by pony or riding horse usually to obtain the only relief they knew when tooth troubles were unendurable.

Some of the Indians who found relief thus were: Mary Pidgeon, Alice Kroppe, Natsu Kroppe, Smith Shumburo, Muse Harris, Joe Bush, who claimed to be a son of Jim Bridger and a friend of the whites. He was present when a tooth was pulled for Natsu Kroppe and is reputed to have said, "Natsu all same white man; he turn so pale and say, 'It hurts pretty good.'" There was also Ephraim Panowitz,

who claimed to have been born in Spanish Fork Canyon at Indianola, and was a grandson of Chief Tabby whom he said was baptized by Brigham Young. He also claimed that *only* he really knew where Chief Tabby was buried on Tabby mountain.

As the infirmities of old age crept on, pioneer Lorenzo S. Clark found life in the wilds too strenuous and so gave it up; but not until he had taught his eldest son, Lorenzo W. Clark, to use the precious forceps as he had done. Pioneering is a slow process and so the new guardian gave many years of service before he also moved back to the comforts of civilization, leaving the efficient dental tools in younger hands.

Grandson Frank L. Clark who still lives in Tabiona has used the historic forceps most recently. He writes: "I held the heads and helped Father, Lorenzo W. Clark, as long as he performed this service and have continued the good work among the people here since he left us. I have had men ride fifty miles on horseback in winter to have a tooth pulled and have helped both whites and Indians in this way even during the last few years." Improved transportation, scientific knowledge and the kind comfort of anesthetics have brought a new era to dentistry, but still we recall with humble gratitude the efforts and accomplishments of volunteers from the past and gratefully acknowledge that they did the best they knew how to do and really made a valuable contribution to the development of the wonderful West.—Annie C. Kimball

ALMA BAILEY DUNFORD

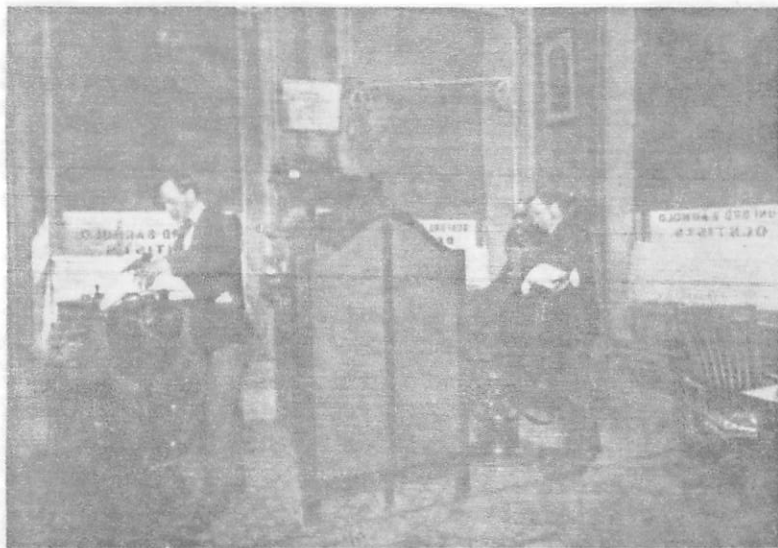
One of the most distinctive characters of early Utah was the pioneer dentist Dr. Alma B. Dunford. Most dentists consider that twenty years of practice is a fair length of service; but Dr. Dunford practiced nearly fifty years, and for many years was considered by colleagues and clients as Utah's foremost dentist.

In the year 1850 there lived in the charming old town of Trowbridge, Wiltshire county, in south-central England, a fine young couple, Isaac and Leah Bailey Dunford. They had just become members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and had named their second little son "Alma" for the noble character, Alma, in the Book of Mormon. He was born on the 19th of August, 1850, the fourth child and second son in a family of thirteen children of Isaac and Leah. His father was a weaver of fine cloth by trade and was employed in one of the largest and best factories in Southern England. They lived in much comfort; and Isaac was loved by members of the church, for he was made president of the Steeple-Ashton Branch, a suburb of Trowbridge, where he served for some time after joining the church. But the urge of "gathering" with their people in far-off

western America was strong within them, and they carefully saved and planned for a journey to this unknown land of "Zion."

When Alma was three years old, in November 1853, the little family left its loved home, and on a small sailing vessel, the *Georgia*, embarked for the new country. They were six weeks crossing the Atlantic ocean, and during that time a baby daughter was born to Isaac and Leah. They named her "Seaborn"; but, unfortunately, during the journey on a river boat from New Orleans to Saint Louis, Missouri, the little one died and was buried in an unmarked grave on the banks of the Mississippi River. The grieving parents had to move on their journey. They lived in Saint Louis for some years, where the father worked to obtain means to continue the journey to the Far West—the Zion of their dreams. While there, Isaac was again made president of the branch, as his worth was recognized wherever he settled.

In 1864 a sturdy wagon and two yoke of oxen were purchased, and the family began the westward journey. Alma was then 14 years old. They arrived in the valley on Sept. 25, 1864.



The Dunford Dental Office

The father soon obtained work in Jennings Mercantile Establishment, the largest store in the valley. A new, small home was purchased, and the family seemed well located. But on Nov. 15, a "call" came from the church leaders for Isaac to take his family and, with two other families, to move north and settle what is now known as Bear Lake Valley. In the "dead of winter," which is truly cold in

Bear Lake country, these three families huddled into a one room log shack (it was scarcely more than that) in a settlement now called Bloomington, Bear Lake county, Idaho. There they lived until spring came, when they could seek other shelter.

A new log house of two rooms was built by Isaac on the corner of a large lot which he had purchased, and in time a fine, large, two-story brick home was built for the growing family. The first few years in the Bear Lake country were most severe, for early or late frosts often destroyed much of the needed crops. The winter of 1865-6 was especially severe, and it was a problem to provide the grain for the food of men or animals. Because of this, Isaac's two older sons, William and Alma, decided to go to "The City" (Great Salt Lake, so called), to ease the home problem and, if possible, earn enough money to purchase flour for their loved ones at home. Home letters prove that they were successful in their quest.

Alma was then sixteen years old. He tried to find work, but decided to prepare himself for a future profession. He apprenticed himself to Dr. H. H. Sharp, then considered the best dentist in the territory. Alma was an apt student with a seeming special adaptation for the profession of dentistry. He studied hard, applied himself assiduously, and in time became an able and proficient dentist.

At that time there were practically no dentists in the outlying districts of the territory; so Alma, with vivid ingenuity, provided himself with dental kits and began going from town to town, wherever a group needed his skill. Thus he traveled through the territory from Malad to St. George, remaining in each town as long as his services were needed. In one of his letters to his father in Bear Lake, he writes the following:

"I intend staying here (Beaver, Oct. 10, 1872) till next Saturday, Then from here I go to Cedar City; stop a week, from there to Toquerville; and next place in my wife's arms at St. George. I will stop longer at these places if there is business enough to pay. You can't imagine what I have to pass through to make my little money. It requires energy, packing and unpacking and out in all kinds of weather. I receive several letters a week from my wife, and of course they cheer me and I intend to be with her in three weeks. It is very lonesome traveling and working, and I am going to quit it soon." This he did, and opened an office in St. George where he practiced for some years before moving to Salt Lake City.

In early 1872 he had married Susan Amelia Young, a daughter of Brigham Young, and two children were born to them: Leah Eudora (later Mrs. John A. Widtsoe) and Alma Bailey, Jr., who was killed as a young man by an explosion in Butte, Montana, where he was working. They were later divorced, and in 1882 Alma married Lovinia Trisilla Clayton, a daughter of William Clayton. To them eight children were born.

In 1877 Alma was called on a mission to England, where he served with industry and honor. On his return from his mission, and after his divorce, he opened a fine office in Salt Lake City, where he practiced with distinction until his retirement in 1917. For many years he had his suite of offices on the corner of Main and 2nd South Streets, above what is now the Anderson Jewelry Co. Many of Utah's finest young dentists learned their professions under Dr. Dunford's tutelage. Among them were Dr. Charles M. Cannon, Dr. George E. Ellerbeck, Dr. Joseph Thatcher of Logan, Dr. Louis A. Arnold, Dr. C. C. Countryman, Dr. E. I. Evans and Dr. R. C. Dalglish, who is one of Utah's best known dentists today. His dental work was outstanding, as was testified by hundreds of his satisfied patients. Even some older people to this day have high praise for his work. As a practicing dentist he was eminently successful.

Dr. Dunford passed away Feb. 1, 1919 in his 70th year.

As a man he was clean, dependable, honest, and a gentleman through and through. As a father and friend he was the very best. No truer father or friend could be found. His descendants to this day bless his memory and cherish the truths of honesty and decency he so nobly inspired in them. He was a good man, an excellent professional practitioner, a truly great father and an inspiration to many young men who followed in his professional footsteps.

—Leah D. Widtsoe

DR. ROSE ELLEN BYWATER VALENTINE

My father was a native of Leeds, England; and a Utah pioneer of 1855. He built a dwelling house in 1856, part of which is still occupied, at the corner of 2nd North and 2nd West Streets, Brigham City, Utah. He was the first official County Recorder of Box Elder County, also first Stake Clerk and Secretary of the United Order under the direction of President Lorenzo Snow, and was Tithing Clerk for many years. He was a student of ancient and modern scripture, and was often referred to as a walking bible encyclopedia.



Dr. Rose Ellen Bywater Valentine

My mother, Hannah Marie Jensen, was a native of Copenhagen, Denmark. She was a beautiful woman, refined, artistic, and an efficient dressmaker, a thrifty devoted wife, a loving mother, and a good neighbor.

I, their eldest daughter, Rose Ellen, was born September 17, 1875, in the

house above referred to. I was delighted when old enough to go to school; I enjoyed the lessons and loved my teachers. I was encouraged to prepare myself to become a school teacher. I took the counsel seriously and, in 1894, successfully passed the Teacher's examination as well as one for entrance to the University of Utah. In September of the same year I was given a school at Honeyville, Utah, to teach the first four grades. Completing the school year I was engaged to teach a summer term of ten weeks which included the eight elementary grades. The following year I registered as a student at the University of Utah. My studies there, after two months, were interrupted by an offer to teach an intermediate grade at Emerson school in Brigham City, Utah. After consulting Dr. James E. Talmage, President of the University, who gave me a good recommendation, and in keeping with the wishes of my father, I accepted the position, and continued to teach in Emerson school until 1898.

At this time Dr. L. H. Berg, a friend of our family, offered me a position in his office as dental assistant. I accepted his offer with the remark,—"But I shall never pull a tooth." I began work, making appointments, keeping records, ordering supplies from H. O. Sanford, Salt Lake City, and elsewhere, watching the vulcanizer, sterilizing instruments, polishing the dentures, etc. I soon learned to grind and set up sectional teeth on temporary plates, as well as keeping the laboratory and office in order. It was not long until the Doctor taught me to administer anesthetics. I liked every part of the work thus far.

One day a woman brought her little girl to have a tooth extracted. The doctor was not in, so I looked at the tooth and decided I could take it out, which I did with dental floss. When Dr. Berg returned I told him what I had done. He smilingly exclaimed, "Never let such a thing happen again, use a forcep." I didn't like the looks of them. Then one day a patient lay chloroformed in the dental chair and Dr. Berg handed me a pair of forceps saying, "Now is your chance, fasten this on the lower incisor, press down, grip hard, twist a bit and pull." I obeyed, and out came the tooth. "Take the next one," he commanded, "then another and another." I complied until five teeth had been extracted. The ice was broken, also my word. Trembling, I refused further extractions that day.

Little by little I was trained in all phases of general practice. My interest and liking for the work grew with each operation. I accompanied the doctor to the yearly dental conferences held in Salt Lake City, where I received a burning desire to study the dental magazines, books on anatomy, pathology, hygiene, bacteriology, histology, etc. and keep abreast of the profession.

Dr. Berg, upon at least four different occasions, took in fresh college graduates who worked with us months at a time, until they felt ready to establish their own business; two of them became promi-

nent in their profession; Drs. Lewis Harding of Salt Lake City, and Claud Bryan of Brigham City. Many times the doctor said he was pleased by my progress, and remarked, "I shall not be satisfied until you have *Doctor* attached to your name."

The Dental records at the registration office, Capitol Building, Salt Lake City, disclose that in a meeting of the State Dental Board held April 26, 1894, "It was decided by the Board that those in actual practice in their own name at the time of the passage of the act could practice by applying for certificates,—in keeping with this act, 36 were granted certificates,—but that all students and assistants who were not old practitioners must successfully pass an examination before the Dental Board, before being allowed to practice dentistry in Utah Territory." Under this act I was eligible to take the dental examination, and carrying out the promise made to Dr. Berg, I took the examination—this being the last which apprentices were allowed to take—, in due time I was granted a Utah State Dental certificate dated January 14, 1903, which was signed by,

Utah State
Dental Seal

W. H. Bucher, Pres.
Geo. E. Ellerbeck, Sect.
W. S. Chapman
H. W. Davis

Almost immediately after receiving my certificate Dr. Berg had cards printed as follows:

Dr. Ella Bywater (Ellen)
Dentist
Brigham City, Utah

In the summer of 1902 I took over Dr. A. W. Ensign's office and clientele in Brigham City for one year while he completed his dental course in the East. After this I continued practicing in Dr. L. H. Berg's office. He took extended vacations, and during his absence I carried the full responsibility of his practice as well as building up a personal following. Among many interesting experiences this is one. A large 250 lb. farmer from Western Box Elder County came into the office asking for Dr. Berg. I told him the doctor was out of town but that I could help him. He exclaimed, "You? I want a tooth pulled." "All right, please take the chair," I said, "let me see which tooth?" He laughed, eyeing me up and down—I was 5 ft. 1 in.—then exclaimed, "Go ahead, I don't think you could hurt me, even if you can't pull the tooth." Without too much effort I extracted the tooth. He was rather chagrined yet glad, too. So long as I practiced in Brigham City he was my patient.

For years I was the only woman practicing dentistry in Utah, and according to available records, the first Utah born woman to take the

dental examination. From 1903 until 1952, I continued my dental license.

In 1923 at the Utah Dental conference in Salt Lake City I made application for membership in the organization, at the same time depositing the required \$10.00 fee. Years passed without an answer to the application. I decided the important thing for me to do was to work conscientiously for the good of my patients handling each case as I should like to have my own handled. For years I met acute discouragement; felt keenly the struggle it took to step into what was then considered a man's profession and there obtain equal rights. I availed myself of every opportunity to keep up the trends and methods of dentistry. Because of my deep interest and liking for the work I determined to be successful in spite of all odds.

In October 1926 we went to Europe where my husband, Hyrum W. Valentine, presided over the German-Austrian Mission for three years, with headquarters at Dresden, Germany. While in Europe, in connection with many Church activities, I took a course in nutrition and learned much from Professor Dr. Martin Vogel, a noted scientist, and looked forward to the time when I could put into practice many of the truths I had learned. In December 1929 we returned from Europe and located in Salt Lake City, Utah. Imbued with the importance of Preventive Dentistry I decided before opening an office to go to El Monte, California and spent a short time in the dental office with Dr. Harry Valentine, my nephew. After a short time with him, he suggested I contact Dr. Minnie S. Proctor, a specialist in Children's Dentistry who was practicing in Los Angeles. I did so and Dr. Proctor invited me to her office to observe her methods. She was a most understanding person, and a splendid dentist, with many new and different methods which I learned.

When I returned to Salt Lake City in the Spring of 1930, I took over Dr. Margaret Andrew's office in the First National Bank Building during her three months' vacation. Later in the year I practiced in Dr. Rudin's office in the Medical Arts Building. Finally in March 1931 I opened my office in room 915 First National Bank Building. Here I enjoyed my work and built up a good practice covering some fifteen years.

Dr. Wm. Wood, Secretary-Treasurer of the Utah State Dental Association asked me one day why I wasn't a member of the Association. I said, "You will have to tell me." I referred him to the Conference of 1923 and my application presented at that time. In a few days he reported having found my application, also an account of the \$10.00 fee, and then extended an invitation for me to join. I quote from a letter received dated June 27, 1934:

Dr. R. E. B. Valentine
First National Bank Bldg. City.

Dear Doctor:

It is with pleasure we notify you that you have been elected a member of our State Association. Allow us to congratulate you on the step you have taken. It is our desire to assist and co-operate with you to make it mutually beneficial in every way.

In becoming a member of this Association you automatically become a member of the American Dental Association and you will receive monthly the Journal for that Organization.

If we can be of service to you in any way kindly let us hear from you.

Fraternally yours
S. H. Davis, Pres.
Bill Wood, Secretary

When I had finished reading the letter my heart was full. I wrote these words in my diary:

"Father in Heaven accept my gratitude for this recognition which has come to me after eleven years of waiting, working and praying. I desire to continue in harmony with the Constitution, By-Laws, and Code of Ethics of both organizations mentioned; also to be of greater service to humanity; to be interested and progressive in my work; to be willing and ready to assist in furthering the cause of dentistry."

At the fourth Pacific Coast Dental Conference held at Long Beach, California, in 1935, I had the privilege of meeting the women dentists of the seven Western States who were in attendance. This was a real treat for me to hear and tell of experiences of women pioneering in the field of Dentistry. Two of these women, Dr. Janette T. Weaverly and Dr. Kate D. Buck were dental apprentices in Salt Lake City in 1894. They came here with a dentist from the East. They told how, as young women, they wanted to become dentists, but at that time the dental colleges were not admitting women students, so they offered their services free to a dentist, who permitted them to work as apprentices in his office. Later both of them graduated from a dental college and practiced independently for many years in Los Angeles.

In looking back over the years spent in six different offices, where I stood at dental chairs, examining the teeth of young and old, brave and fearful ones—there comes a feeling of satisfaction, because of the interest I had in each patient to do my best in Prophylaxis, extractions, repairs, and replacements according to the need. When the work was completed I felt the truthfulness of Oliver Wendell Holmes' definition of dentistry.

"The dental Profession has established and prolonged the reign of beauty—it has added charm to social intercourse—it has lent perfection to the strains of eloquence and taken from old age its most unwelcome feature."

Thus to have been of service to mankind brings its own reward.

MEMBERS OF THE DENTAL SOCIETY

The Utah Territory Dental Society was organized January 14, 1892. All those practicing dentistry as a livelihood in Utah prior to that date were given licenses to practice dentistry in the State of Utah. After January 14, 1892 an examination was required; after 1908 applicants must have been graduates of some dental colleges.

Charter members of U. S. Dental Association were:

William H. Beecher	George E. Ellerbeck	Jenkyn Thomas
Scott A. Chapman	A. B. Peak	T. A. Vincent
Alfred T. Clawson	Ernest A. Tripp	James L. Whytock
Stanley H. Clawson	William M. Tillman	H. A. Whitney
Alma B. Dunford	C. E. Talhurst	

The names of the following practitioners were passed upon and considered entitled to certificates by reason of having been in actual practice.

Hector Griswold	T. A. Vincent	Gustave Loftman
Benjamin Eggington	C. L. Bateman	J. A. McCausland
Calvin Cartwright	L. C. Swin	O. W. Snow
D. W. Huff	J. E. Christie	D. S. Wallack
August Lundberg	C. M. Carr	M. W. Snow
F. W. Baker	S. H. Keyser	Kate D. Buck
M. N. Buck	E. C. Merrihew	C. E. Bischof
Janette T. Weaverly	W. H. Bucker	W. I. Barnett
A. M. Blanchard	C. M. West	D. N. Schumaker
W. H. Hodges	L. H. Berg	F. A. Clawson
A. Christensen	E. M. Keyser	Rose E. Valentine
W. R. Stover	C. F. Westphal	
W. S. Dalrymple	G. E. Stiehl	

EARLY DRUGGISTS DESERET STORE

The proprietors would call attention of the Medical gentlemen and citizens generally to the list of drugs, etc., which from the unusual kinds and extra quality deserves the patronage of those wishing to buy.

OIL Lemon	Cinnamon	Wintergreen
Peppermint	Orange	Cloves

Bergamot	Aqua Ammonia	Blu Mas
British	Beeswax	Calomel
Amber	Gum Opium	Sugar of Lead
Anise	Myrrh	Hoarhound
Juniper	Arabic	Scabions
Cami	Ultramarine Blue	Catnip
Pennyroyal	Carmine	Nervine Powder
Castor	Asafoetida	Seidlitz do
Olive (A No. 1)	Marsh Rosemary	Cubebs do
Beckwith A D Pills	Magnesia	Powd Fol Lobelia
Moffat's do	Bateman's Drops	Tartaric Acid
Wright's do	Drop Lane	Citric do
Jan's do	Hot Drops (No. 6)	Sup Carb Soda
Dalley's Salve	Spice Bitters	Cream Tartar
Simple Cerate	Tonic do	Pulv Jalap
Griswold's Salve	Cough Mixture	Flour Sulphur
Basilicon Ointment	Croup Syrup	White Vitriol
Tar Ointment	Godfrey's Cordial	Blue do
Balsam Copaiva	Poorman's Plaster	Aqua Fortis
Virginia Snake Root	Clyss Pumps Round	Scullcap
Black Snake Root	Blood Root	Lunar Costic
Bitter Root	Tinct. Lobelia	Dead Shot
Elm Bark	Lobelia herb	Shellac
Poplar do	Blamong	Powd Bayberry
Yellow do	Centuary	Chamomile Flors
Pulv Elm Bark	Bone Set	Irish Moss
Elix Vitriol	Allen's H. & B.	Quassia
Liquid Opodeldoo	Liniment	Granvills Lotion
Sand's Ext. Sarsaparilla	Red Gentian	Soap Liniment
Bull's Ext. Sarsaparilla	Rad Columbo	Cayenne Pepper

Also a limited supply of the following: Metal Syringes, nursing bottles, India Rubber, dressing combs and flesh brushes.

—Deseret News Sept. 26, 1855

DESERET DRUG STORE

WM. S. GODBE

WOULD respectfully announce to his friends and the residents of Utah, that he has just returned from the East with a valuable collection of Merchandise, which will be open for inspection in a few days, comprising a complete assortment of

DRUGS AND MEDICINES

Chiefly Botanical—also a full assortment of the celebrated Graefenberg Family Remedies: Soaps. Oils and Perfumes, Gunpowder, caps, knives, toys. Fancy goods of every

description; Spices, Jams, Preserves, Cordials, Nuts Candies, Lozenges, Medical liquors which he proposes disposing of on the most reasonable terms.

Don't fail to call and see him on East Temple Street north of Hockaday's old stand.

Soda water fresh from the fountain.

N. B. Customers supplied with medicinal, astronomical, comical and historical almanacs.

FREE GRATIS FOR NOTHING AT ALL.—1855

WILLIAM S. GODBE

William S. Godbe was born in London, England, June 26, 1833. In his early youth he chose the adventurous life of a sailor. William became interested in the teachings of the Mormon elders and the



Godbe, Pitts & Company

writings of Parley P. Pratt. Soon after he emigrated to America to join the body of the Mormon people landing in New York from Liverpool with but little means. He boldly set out on foot to walk the entire distance to Salt Lake City, excepting the journey from Buffalo to Chicago, which was made by water. He worked his way across the plains in a merchant train.

After his arrival in Salt Lake City in 1851, he engaged with Thomas S. Williams, a first class merchant, and in a few years the youth whose energy and uncommon grit had made on foot a journey

of thousands of miles, had himself grown to be one of the most substantial men in the Mormon community.

In the early days of Utah an agent to go East and purchase goods for the people was a necessity, and W. S. Godbe was the man of their choice for already his public spirit was recognized and appreciated by the community. Yearly he went East on the peoples' commercial business as well as his own. The day of starting was advertised in season and then men and women from all parts of the territory thronged into his office with their commissions. Thus, Mr. Godbe purchased hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of goods for the people of Utah and the arrival of his trains gave periodical sensations to the city—so many being personally interested.

Prior to the completion of the Union Pacific Railroad, Mr. Godbe made no less than twenty-four trips across the plains to the Missouri River, besides several passages to California by the Northern, Central and Southern routes, aggregating a distance of nearly 50,000 miles—performed for the most part on horseback and with his own conveyance. In some instances only one man would accompany him, owing to the hostility of the Indians; he deeming it safer to go that way than to attract attention by a large party.

This popular merchant was also the first who brought down prices. Once he purchased a large stock of goods to be sold immediately at cost and freight, thus bringing down prices to a figure never before known in Utah. The result of this venture benefited the community more than it did the public spirited merchant; but benevolence was the policy of his life. Mr. Godbe having by this time acquired a substantial fortune erected the "Godbe Exchange Building" which, with Jennings "Eagle Emporium," first gave an important commercial appearance to Salt Lake City.

In 1855 Mr. Godbe established the first drug store in Salt Lake City, Utah with William H. Pitts, a qualified druggist, in charge.

WILLIAM J. WILLES' STORY

Folks frequently complain that modern drugstores have missed their calling—that you can buy anything in them from aardvarks to zymometers, and that medicines and prescriptions are practically the least of their worries. Malcontents sum it all up in a few words, "Drug stores ain't what they used to be." They are very right, according to William J. Willes, last of the old-time druggists in Salt Lake City, who recently marked the 70th anniversary of his entrance into his life-long profession.

"You can't find half the things in today's drug store that we used to stock," Mr. Willes explains. "Why, the old Godbe-Pitts Drug Store—the largest establishment of its kind west of the Mississippi where I went to work as a boy of 13, had everything to supply the

needs of the Mountain West. We carried mining, milling and assay merchandise in large quantities, which we shipped to Butte and Anaconda, Alta, Tintic and Park City. We shipped this sort of merchandise to St. George—to Woolley, Lund and Judd, who supplied the big Nevada mining fields.

"We shipped in great quantities of sulphur from Sulphurdale, Utah to make sheep dip. We stocked a hundred barrel assortment of goods imported from France and England; paints, oils, varnishes, raw linseed oil in barrels—and brushes of all sorts with which to apply them. And sponges—we had every kind of sponge from the very fine silk sponge used by surgeons to big, coarse sponges used for washing the mud of our city streets off the gaily painted buggies."

This Godbe-Pitts Drug Store was on the corner of First South and Main Streets. The immense basement under the modern store is the same size as the original basement, which was filled to overflowing with merchandise, so that the owners had to rent the barn on the Heber C. Kimball lot, at 150 North Main, to hold their extra merchandise.

But in spite of the variety of merchandise stocked by these enterprising pioneer businessmen, Godbe-Pitts was first and foremost a drugstore. It had a very fine, up-to-date prescription case, presided over by Wm. H. Pitts, a chemist and druggist from London. This really exceptional addition to the firm started in as a clerk in the W. S. Godbe Co. Druggists, established in 1855. Mr. Godbe had started in at once importing goods from England, France, Japan, Germany and other countries, and his business had flourished, for the Mountain West folk of that day were eager to bridge the distances between them and the cultures they had left behind.

Like its modern counterpart, Godbe-Pitts sold light refreshments. In this field, Mr. Willes admits, the old stores weren't as versatile as the new. There was no ice cream, no malts, no sundaes, no sandwiches. In fact, if the truth be faced, there was just one type of refreshment offered—and that was good, old fashioned soda water—"A tasty, sparkling and refreshing drink," according to Mr. Willes.

Making the soda water was a major operation. The carbonic gas had to be manufactured on the spot. This was done in the huge basement, in a double cylinder tank. One cylinder contained sulphuric acid, the other a solution of bicarbonate of soda. Upstairs, in plain sight of the trade, was the fountain, with its containers of bright flavors, lemon, strawberry, raspberry, sarsaparilla, orange, and the favorite nectar, made of a combination of all the others.

It was rather a dangerous job, mixing the sulphuric acid and the bicarbonate solution to form the carbonic gas, and charging the cylinders up to 180 pounds of pressure so that the gas could be driven from the basement through the pipes to the fountain on the first floor

counter. Explosions were a constant threat, so extreme care was always practiced.

Thirsty Salt Lakers and visitors consumed about 30 gallons of this refreshment on a normal day—and a goodly share of this was imbibed by the mule car drivers. There were eight of these when Mr. Willes was soda jerk at Godbe-Pitts—Marcellus Woolley, Bill Mack, George Crabtree, Orson Arnold, Jr., Pete Knox, the Snart brothers and Doc. Williams whose last excursion to the soda fountain ended in tragedy.

The mule drivers would draw up to the curb, run in and get a glass of soda water while the passengers were climbing aboard, and then they would resume their journey. One day Doc. Williams (Mr. Willes recalls no other name for him) was drinking strawberry soda water in such a relaxing interval. Godbe-Pitts had rented a corner of their versatile drugstore to a second hand dealer, named I. Waters. Mr. Waters had just purchased a revolver, second hand, and was working the chamber to see whether it was in good shape to be sold again. When, as is often the case, the unloaded gun exploded, the ball hitting Doc. Williams in the throat, killing him instantly. Mr. Willes was a youngster of 14 at the time, but the tragic event is one of the most vivid in his memory.

Mr. Willes worked at Godbe-Pitts from 1880 to 1886, progressing from errand boy to assistant manager in the wholesale department. As salesman for this department, he traveled over all of Utah, part of Idaho, Wyoming and Nevada. He then went to Ogden for a couple of years, working for the William Driver & Sons Drug Company, and for Jesse Driver, retail druggist. In 1890, he joined the staff of Z.C.M.I. drugstore.

Eleven years later, this thoroughly experienced druggist, by now licensed as a pharmacist, opened the Willes-Horne Drug Store, 8 South Main Street, which he operated until 1923. After selling the business, Mr. Willes found he could not bear to retire, so for the next twenty-five years he worked in various drug stores: Owl, Schramm-Johnson, Walgreen—and only in 1948, after 68 years of continuous employment in his chosen line, did he finally accept the leisurely life he had earned.

Now, in his comfortable apartment at 54 Canyon Road, with his wife, Rachel Emma Simmons Willes, whom he married in 1887, he has time to reminisce over the many people he has served throughout this region. He figures he has filled half a million prescriptions, and that most Salt Lakers have at one time or another benefited from his knowledge of drugs and medicines. But whenever he hears folks complain about the multiplicity of merchandise in today's drugstores, he brings out his stack of old photos and his store of anecdotes, and introduces them to a time when drugstores really served the community.

—Olive W. Burt, *Deseret News*, Nov. 22 - 50

ROBERT CLEGHORN, DRUGGIST

Robert Cleghorn, accompanied by his older brother Walter John, was twenty-two years of age and had recently finished an apprenticeship as an apothecary when he boarded the ship *Amazon* in London Docks June 2, 1863 bound for the Great Salt Lake. The two young men had recently been baptized into the Mormon church and since



Robert Cleghorn

separated. John, who had money, was soon married to Harriet Willes and left to live in Cache Valley; while Robert was sent to live with a family by the name of Phelps on the west side. The day after his arrival, dressed in his best black suit with white collar and tie, he walked down East Temple to see the town. The only drug store in sight was Godbe and Pitts on the southeast corner of First South and Main. On inquiry, he found that they did not need help, nor did any one else in town, and the boys he passed made fun of the "dude" in the white collar. He was glad to leave Salt Lake behind to go to Echo Canyon to work for the railroad. Laying ties in the winter was a bitter experience after all his high hopes. Brigham Young had not sent for him to practice pharmacy.

The next year he found employment with Godbe and Pitts, who set him to work in the back room washing bottles. Since that was the first job given to an apprentice, Robert was indignant; but when he told them of his standing, they made him their chief prescription clerk. He worked here until 1871, when at long last, Brigham Young sent

the elders had assured them that Brigham Young was looking for a druggist, they anticipated the dangerous journey and settlement into a new life with keen enjoyment. In the corner of his trunk, Robert had tucked several valuable textbooks, such as *A Compend of the Pharmacopoeias of the London, Edinburgh and Dublin Colleges of Physicians of Materia Medica and Pharmacy*, and a notebook with many private recipes giving, among others, the ingredients of the famous Worcester sauce and the processes for making lemon and vanilla extracts.

Aside from a few hardships, the journey was a pleasant adventure. They reached the land of Zion in good spirits. Then trouble began. The brothers